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THIS CRIMSON FLOWER



IN FLANDERS FIELDS
AN ANSWER

and
OTHER VERSE

By C. B. GALBREATH



Bequest of

Burton

E.

Stevenson

Chillicothe

Ohio

No-

Mr. and Mrs. Burton E. Stevenson,
With best wishes and
heartily congratulations
on their return from France.

W. G. Talbott

Columbus, O.,

June 8,
1920.

223 Tulane Road

THIS CRIMSON FLOWER
IN FLANDERS FIELDS
An Answer

and

Other Verse

BY C. B. GALBREATH



STONEMAN PRESS
Columbus, O.
December, 1919.

(RECAP)

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C. B. GALBREATH
1919

NOTE

SOME of the verse on the following pages first appeared in print in The Ohio Educational Monthly, The Columbus Citizen, The Columbus Evening Dispatch, The Ohio State Journal, The St. Louis Globe Democrat, The St. Louis Republic and the Kit Kat, a magazine published by the Kit Kat Club of Columbus, Ohio.

The answer to Lieut. Col. McCrae's "In Flanders Fields" has been copied by newspapers and other publications in every section of the United States and Canada. The literary editor of the New York Times said in November, 1918, that it was the best known of all "answers." A. W. Perry and Sons, Sedalia, Mo., have published it with music by Mrs. M. Laughlin, of Kansas City, Mo. The two poems have recently been brought out by the John Church Company, Cincinnati, New York and London, with music by the well known composer, Mentor Crosse. "They Go to End War" has been published by The Willis Music Company, of Cincinnati, with music by A. J. Gantvoort, director of the College of Music in that city. "Prepare for the Harvest," with music by A. R. Martin, was published in "*Convention Carols*," 1880.

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THIS CRIMSON FLOWER

THE POPPY

This crimson flower shall ever tell
Of those who triumphed as they fell,
 Who sleep at peace all dreamlessly;
This flower shall fit memento be
For those whose days were ended well.

To lowly mansions where they dwell
Love brings the rose and immortelle,
 But bears away o'er land and sea
 This crimson flower.

The cheers of victors over-swell
The martial dirge and tolling bell,
 While blows their flower, who kept us free;
 Nor bloom from blest Elysian lea
Shall match, in sweet Lethean spell,
 This crimson flower!

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

BY LIEUT.-COL. JOHN McCRAE

*In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.*

*We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved; and now we lie
In Flanders fields.*

*Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you, from failing hands, we throw
The torch. Be yours to hold it high!
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.*

—*London Punch.*

NOTE. A manuscript copy of the above has "grow" at the end of the first as well as at the end of next to the last line.

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

AN ANSWER

In Flanders fields the cannon boom
And fitful flashes light the gloom,
 While up above, like eagles, fly
 The fierce destroyers of the sky;
 With stains the earth wherein you lie
Is redder than the poppy bloom,
 In Flanders fields.

Sleep on, ye brave. The shrieking shell,
The quaking trench, the startled yell,
The fury of the battle hell
Shall wake you not; for all is well.
Sleep peacefully; for all is well.

Your flaming torch aloft we bear,
With burning heart an oath we swear
 To keep the faith, to fight it through
 To crush the foe or sleep with you
 In Flanders fields.

February 10, 1918.

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

VICTORES REQUIESCUNT

In Flanders fields the winds are low,
On high the shadowy scud clouds go,
While gently falls the silent snow;
And crosses stretch their arms of white
Above a welcome robe of light
In Flanders fields.

The war-worn world has found release,
And in this chaste and hallowed bed
Serenely sleep the martyred dead,
While falls the benison of peace
In Flanders fields.

Sleep, victors, sleep when falls the snow,
When spring returns, when poppies blow;
Our legions heard your mute appeal,
They kept the faith through fire and steel,
And when the battle flags were furled
Your torch illumined all the world
From Flanders fields.

November 27, 1918.

IN PICARDY

In Picardy the mists of dawn
Were heavy as the veil of night,*
And in their folds they hid from sight
The foe in silence sweeping on.
When thunder-struck, their trenches gone,
The British hosts were forced to flight,
In Picardy the mists of dawn
Were heavy as the veil of night.
The foe, by lure of triumph drawn,
Poured forth the flower of his might
And won a fateful Pyrrhic fight.
The Kaiser learned for *him* anon
In Picardy the mists of dawn
Were heavy as the veil of night.

THE WOUNDS OF WAR

The wounds of war are slow to heal,
Though fires of battle burn no more
Nor cannon ope with thunder peal
The wounds of war.
Wild vines and flowers clamber o'er
The shards of shell and rusting steel
And Nature would her sway restore.
But poppies set a crimson seal
Round shell pit marge, by trenches hoar,†
And long the riven earth shall feel
The wounds of war.

*A dense fog contributed much to the initial success of the Germans in their great March offensive, 1918.

†A soldier who served two summers in northern France says: "The red poppy was everywhere, but its bloom was especially rich around old shell holes and along abandoned trenches."

THEY GO TO END WAR

With head erect and elastic step
Our soldiers are marching by;
With heart athrob to a great intent
And spirit elate and high,
For they go to fight for the end of war
And the reign of peace forevermore.

They seek not the battle's wreck and spoil
Or an autocratic state;
They seek not a sister nation's harm
And they sing not the song of hate,
For they go to fight for the end of war
And the reign of peace forevermore.

They strike for imperiled Liberty
And her violated shrine;
They strike for oppressed humanity
And a cause that is divine,
For they go to fight for the end of war
And the reign of peace forevermore.

They go to the rescue of valiant France,
In the spirit of Lafayette;
And large is their debt to a bleeding world,
A debt that they will not forget,
For they go to fight for the end of war
And the reign of peace forevermore.

On the reeking front of the blazing field
They shall not battle in vain;
They cannot fail in a righteous cause,
Though they fall with the mangled slain,
For they go to fight for the end of war
And the reign of peace forevermore.

A grateful world will applaud their deeds,
With paeans of praise and cheers;
And the god of battle will wake no more
Through the tranquil march of the years;
They will win the fight for the end of war
And the reign of peace forevermore.

December, 1917.

ARISE, AMERICA

Arise, America, arise!
The Foe his desperate challenge flings,
With deadly strife the welkin rings,
The world in fateful balance swings.
Arise, America, arise
And smite Oppression till it dies.

Arise, America, arise!
In ruins are the shrines of Worth,
A monstrous Thing is given birth
And Murder stalks one-half the earth.
Arise, America, arise!
And bruise the Reptile till it dies.

Arise, America, arise!
And thrust aside this evil Chance;
With cannon, plane and rifle-lance,
Strike for the Cause and bleeding France.
Arise, America, advance
With all who fight for gallant France.

Arise, America, arise!
And break the arm of brutal might,
And rend this ebon veil of night,
And flood the world again with light.
Arise, America, arise!
And strike for Truth that never dies.

March 31, 1918.

IN THE GLORY OF THEIR YEARS

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF
SERGEANT E. GRAY SWINGLE*

At the zenith of the summer,
Ere the reaper's work was done,
Land and sea afar they traversed
Toward the rising of the sun;
And our war afflicted allies
Welcomed them with grateful cheers,
As they marched to Armageddon,†
In the glory of their years.

In the pride of knightly manhood,
In the bloom of youth and might,
Freedom's brawny, lithe crusaders
Went to battle for the right.
Fire and steel and cannon's clamor
Shook them not with craven fears,
As they fought at Armageddon,
In the glory of their years.

*Sergeant E. Gray Swingle, of Newark, Ohio, Company B, Sixth Regiment, U. S. Engineers, was fatally wounded on the Western Front in the great German offensive, on the night of March 27, 1918, while leading a patrol in "no man's land." On the morning of the following day, while still under the guns of the enemy, with life ebbing rapidly away as he lay on the ground, he signaled back, by waving his hand, to British officers, information of great value. Soon afterward he ceased to move. For this heroism, even unto death, he was awarded the distinguished service cross.

Much credit was given by British officers to the American Engineers, who, in this drive as at Cambrai in November of the previous year, "dropped their shovels and picks, grasped their guns and helped to stay the on-coming foe."

†Armageddon—The last great battle of the world, in which the righteous shall overthrow the powers of darkness. (Revelations, 16:12-16). The World War and sometimes the German offensive which began March 21, 1918, have been referred to as "Armageddon."

And the Briton praised their valor
When the fateful storm was high,
When the charging legions thundered
And the squadrons swept the sky.
In the fury of the tempest
Stood our dauntless engineers,—
Thus they fought at Armageddon,
In the glory of their years.

Some are numbered with the missing;
Though their gallant strife is o'er,
In the nation's heart and annals,
They will live forevermore.
Love and pride assuage our sorrow
And repress the welling tears,
For they fell at Armageddon,
In the glory of their years.

PRIVATE FREDERICK BUNN

I

His father died in years agone;
He was his mother's only son;
A comely youth, well built and tall,
Was genial Frederick Bunn.*

In sterling traits he differed not
From other lads with slight alloy,
And every neighborhood has known
Just such a worthy boy.

II

Far, far away, beyond the sea there rose
A threatening cloud with gathered wrath in store,
The world from dreams of peace and sweet repose
Was rudely wakened by the bolts of war.

The cloud grew darker as it loomed more vast
And cast its shadow o'er our tranquil sky;
But Statecraft sought to stem the rising blast, [by.
While Faith prayed that this cup might pass us

Then burst the storm, and every day that dawned
Saw Mars enthroned amid the martial din;
Throughout the world a mighty chasm yawned,
And knights by millions rose to close it in!

*See note at close of this tribute.

III

The call of country stirred the soul
And set its latent fires aglow,
While Peace put on the mail of War
And marched to meet the foe.

He did not shirk, he did not quail,
Although his answer to the call
Meant that a mother, e'en as he,
Had heard and given all.

Among the volunteer Marines,
He went—this modest patriot son,
For every inch American
Was Private Frederick Bunn.

IV

Over the sea, over the sea,
Soldier, the bugle is calling for thee.
The Allied comrades have waited long;
They will welcome thee with a stirring song,
Over the sea, over the sea!

Up in the sky, up in the sky,
Soldier, the eagles of Liberty fly;
They lead in the way thy legions shall go
To shatter the might of the oncoming foe;
Up in the sky, up in the sky!

Over the plain, over the plain,
Where falleth the shower of crimson rain,
Where the shells puff clouds into daylight fair
And the night gloweth wan 'neath the ghostly
flare;
Over the plain, over the plain!

True to the call, true to the call,
This is the greatest adventure of all,—
To bring to the altars that now arise
A share of redeeming sacrifice;
True to the call, true to the call!

Over the sea, over the sea,
That shall bring thee back to the Land of the Free
Or bear thee on by the Vale of Distress
To the shores of a sweet Forgetfulness,
Over the sea, over the sea!

V

Beneath a dark and wintry sky,
With snow-clad plains of broad expanse,
The coming soldiers could not hope
To find a sunny France.

But cheers of gratitude arise
From city street and village lane
To warm responsive hearts that soon
Forget the mire and rain.

Now comes the magic-working Spring
With all her resurrecting powers
And strews across the waste of War
A wilderness of flowers.

A cloudness morn, a sunny France,
A respite for a fleeting day,
Call forth a message of the heart
To one now far away:

VI

"The flowers of spring are here, mother,
In the fields and by the way;
Messages they bring of cheer, mother,
And my heart is glad today.
The balmy breeze on wings of fragrance
Bears me back to long ago,
And the cannon in the distance
Seems to mutter faint and low.

"The well remembered hours, mother,
Come as in a blessed dream,
When we gathered early flowers, mother,
In the meadow by the stream;
And the skies that bent above us
Were so tranquil, deep and blue;
Tenderly I view these blossoms
And I long for home and you."

VII

The days of war are anxious days;
Each soldier when he fares away,
Is followed by the hopes and fears
Of those who wait and pray.

Think of some lad that you have known,
Scarce noticed in the days of yore,
The center of concern in arms
Upon a foreign shore;

Then think of millions in the camps
And other millions over there,
And measure, if you can, in weight
The mountain load of care,

That burdens down a world at war
On trembling earth and ocean foam;
The blow that strikes the battle line
Will reach the brave at home.

The soldier in a distant land,
Mid cheering scenes and dangers grave,
Thinks of the dread of one at home
And writes her to be brave:

VIII

“Mother, be brave;
It is well with me; have never a fear,
And feel it is best that your boy is here.

Think what the mothers of France have come
through,
The mothers of England and Germany too;
The dread of all mothers, their grief and their pain,
We fight that they never may know it again.
At the call of the helpless our ranks shall be strong
And the prayer of all mothers be answered ere long.
Mother, be brave."

IX

All eyes are on the Western Front;
Where comes the foe in pride of might,
Prodigious grown by barter with
The Judas Muscovite.

The shock of Armageddon wakes
An Allied world to dread amaze;
The British yield in Picardy,—
Ah, those were anxious days.

They yield, but hold their wavering line;
The ghastly wreckage in their wake
Makes this the first of reeking fields;
They bend but do not break.

But who shall stay from victory
The mighty flood now rolling on?
What power shall break the gathering gloom
With streaks of coming dawn?

X

A land of level tracts and gentle slopes,
Of streams and meadows green and waving grain,
Where nature crowns the peasant's toil and hopes—
A fruitful land, the valley of the Aisne;
And farther south in undulating plain
The little city all the world now knows,
The birthplace of the gifted La Fontaine,
But half forgotten till invaders rose
And smote the walls by which the Marne serenely
flows.

Chateau-Thierry! war-shattered from the North
When came the foe with desolating stride
And Allied nations poured their legions forth
To stay the Kaiser at his crest of pride.
His vulture squadrons rained destruction wide
While guns by thousands struck the thunder stroke;
On rolled in ruthless might the Teuton tide
In waves of gray amid the mist and smoke—
On surged the flood against a living wall—and
broke;

A living wall of knights in khaki clad,
And helmeted without a star or plume
Or epaulette or bar, but proudly glad
To stand for country in the grime and gloom,
While shook the earth with an incessant boom
To which the thunder were an echo; then,

As open seemed to swing the gates of doom,
The foe in desperation hurled his men,
Who fought like baffled gods, and charged, and
charged again;

But charged in vain; the shattered ranks recede
Amid confusion dire and wild uproar.
At every trench the Allied legions bleed;
And now in turn they strike, and swarming o'er
The slippery top, sweep everything before;
Though fiercely still the fires of carnage burn,
Fate strikes the hour,—and on his throne no more
Shall Might the claim of Mercy scoff and spurn;
Again behold the world with tide of battle turn.

Chateau-Thierry! for coming range of time
On history's page a name the world shall view
Pivotal, as immortal and sublime
As Marathon or Tours or Waterloo.
Among the brave who bore their standards through
The rain of death, were some who bore the scars
Of other fields where bolts as blasting flew.
Some came from shores beyond the sunset bars
And sealed their faith with blood beneath the
stripes and stars.

The storm of battle echoes here no more,
Nor fans the trenches to a lurid glow;
Nor fitful flash nor cannon's sullen roar

Disturbs the shadows of the old chateau
Where sleep again the ghosts of long ago,
Roused by the earthquake from their slumbers deep
Of centuries, yon ruined arch below;
But younger spirits, loth as yet to sleep,
Stand guard upon the hill and phantom vigils
keep.

XI

With what a thrill we heard the news,
Through darkness saw a cheering ray;
Our brave Marines were in the lines
That held the foe at bay.

But with relief and joy and pride
The notes of doubt and sadness blend;
“Who fell?”—the question on the lip
Of lover, parent, friend.

And was he there? Ah, yes, and lives;
To perish here was not his fate;
A letter came from him at last
That bore a later date.

As tides that earthquakes roll to sea
Will soon return to smite the shore,
So comes again the foe to charge
As fiercely as before.

XII

The golden grain near old Soissons
In fields for centuries has grown
And ripened in the sun and rain;
Those drops that left a crimson stain
Enriched the earth where seed was sown.

The peasant girls and birds have flown;
The noxious winds have rudely blown
And searched with hidden shafts of pain
The golden grain.

On rigid wing the eagles drone;
The cannon speaks in thunder tone
And shrieks the shell a weird refrain;
The Harvester in ranks of slain
Has reaped and garnered as his own
The golden grain!

XIII

The days of July pass away,
Those history making days,
With victories for Foch and Haig,
And Yankees winning praise.

Hurrah for Pershing and his men!
The generals and doughboys too,
For all who blazed for liberty
An open pathway through.

XIV

We cheer the men who lead
In camp or field of action dire,
Whose lofty bearing doth inspire
The hosts as one to face the fire
And steel and storm; at whose command
The tide is turned on sea and land—
Cheers for the men who lead.

The private soldiers cheer;
Who wrought and fought with courage fine
And charged the bristling battle line;
For them a wreath of laurel twine,
Who went with faith and purpose high
In freedom's cause to win or die;
The private soldiers cheer.

The man who leads we cheer;
The private soldier too;
For country on a foreign shore
They bore the brunt and scourge of war
That peace might reign forevermore;
The leader hath his bars and stars
And both have had the moil and scars;
The leader cheer, it is his due,
And cheer, a little louder cheer
The private soldier too.

XV

The summer days are measured long
From streaks of dawn to sunset rays;
But in the court of Mirth and Joy
How short are summer days.

To her who waits word from her son,
What were the cheers and stirring song?
Her thoughts and dreams are of the war;
To her all days are long.

The summer time at length is gone;
Along the woods the tints appear
Which tell, with breezes light and cool,
That autumn days are here.

The elms have doffed their robes of gold,
The wind is sighing at the eaves,
The gusts have scattered on the waste
November's withered leaves.

Hark! breaks the joy of clanging bells,
And whistles shriek, the war is won;
The surging throngs shout "Victory!"
But where is Frederick Bunn?

A missing soldier will not count
Where millions from the battle go,

When peace rings from the Christmas bells
And robes the earth with snow.

No word comes from the prison camp
Or hospital or river red;
The casual list bears not his name
As missing or as dead.

Perhaps in some volcanic charge
This youth was smitten blind;
Perhaps, shocked by a monstrous shell,
He reeled and lost his mind.

Perhaps the foe his prison guards,
Forbids that he should write a line;
Perhaps—but all surmise is vain—
The silence gives no sign.

The New Year comes; a month drags by;
The south wind harbingers the spring;
The quest at last is at an end,
The wires this message bring:

XVI

"Your son is dead, we regret to tell;
It was thought that you had known.
With his face to the foe he bravely fell
In a wheat field near Soissons."

XVII

Bravely beautiful is Spring,
Life and love with courage roam,
Bravely beautiful is Spring
When she brings the soldiers home.

Sadly beautiful is Spring
When her cheek the rain drops lave;
For her tears no word can bring
From the "unreturning brave."

XVIII

The drum and fife are passing by;
A remnant leads the grand review
Who wore, as still they wear, the blue
And kept Old Glory in the sky.

Behind the Old Guard come the men
With helmets grim and bristling steel,
Elate and fit from head to heel,
Our young crusaders home again.

I watch them pass and I would fain
Believe the past an evil dream
And see beneath some helmet beam
His genial face; I look in vain!

He will not come to greet me here;
Though bands their stirring numbers play,
My thoughts are with him far away;
I sigh and half forget to cheer.

But when I feel his spirit near,
I sway with music of the band,
And I applaud with voice and hand
As would my friend if he were here.

*Private Frederick J. Bunn volunteered from Columbus, Ohio, in the Ninety-seventh Company, Sixth Regiment, U. S. Marines. He left the United States late in 1917, was gassed the following April, recovered and continued in active service until the time of his death. At the battle of Soissons, while advancing through a field of uncut wheat, July 19, 1918, he was mortally wounded by a high explosive shell.

The record of his army life is the connecting thread of the foregoing "tribute," which was read at the memorial service in honor of his memory in Hopewell Church near Groveport, Ohio, August 10, 1919.

Chateau Thierry and Soissons will, for all time, be joined with the fame of the American Marines.

NASTURTIUMS

I think sometimes of a soldier lad
And a flower with a leaf like a lily pad
But smaller; a-nod in the breezes pure
Like a lily pad in miniature.

When Summer gathers her golden sheaves,
From the lowly clusters of rotate leaves
Rise the drooping buds on their stemlets slight,
And a riot of color unfolds to the light;

A wealth of the tints of the citrus fruit
And markings that speak from throats that are mute,
From a creamy shade to the darker, down
Through yellow and gold and pink and brown.

But why should I link the soldier lad
And the flower with a leaf like the lily pad?
For he is sturdy and lithe and tall
And by shifting breezes is swayed not at all.

I will tell you why. On a July night
When trains were speeding in secret flight
To bear our lads to the ocean shore
To answer their country's call to war,

I gathered a handful of choicest bloom
And wended my way through the midnight gloom

To the railway station, lonely and dim,
Where the train pulled in with the warriors grim.

And the soldier lad—he met me there,
And he talked awhile with the old-time air,
And he took this colorful gift of mine
With a smile as he said, “Thank’e, dad; that’s fine.”

A wave of the hand from the moving train
As it thundered into the night again;
Into darkness plunged with a shriek and a roar
And echoed back, “We are off for the war.”

When for me the war is a tale that is told,
Still from lily pad leaflets the flowers of gold
Will speak, as they ope to the warm sunshine,
In a voice that I know, “Thank’e, dad; that’s fine.”

JERUSALEM

Out of the deep, dark cloud of war
That mantles the closing year,
A light is breaking athwart the East—
A carol of hope we hear.

Chorus:

Over the Holy Sepulcher,
Over the sainted graves,
Over the walls of Jerusalem
The banner of freedom waves.

Here is the end of the last crusade,
The dawn of a better day;
The night of the reign of the cruel Turk
Is passing forever away.

Soon on the battle's red front no more
Shall the sullen cannon boom,
While through the valley again as of yore
The lilies of peace shall bloom.

December 31, 1917.

UNITED AS NEVER BEFORE

From the lakes to the gulf, from the river that binds
The North and the South forever as one,
From the shores of Maine to the Golden Gate
Where the day burns out in the setting sun;
From Alaska's peaks and our isles of the main
Where the palm trees wave and the billows roar,
A nation exults in a mighty refrain—
"United as never before."

The flag is out and our spirits are high,
The eye is a gleam and the heart is a thrill,
For the khaki-clad boys are marching by
To the call of the bugle, clear and shrill.
From the Lake of the Woods to the Florida Keys
They sing, as they go to the great World War,
In a chorus that swells on the summer breeze—
"United as never before."

Hurrah for the boys in the olive drab;
The torch that they follow across the sea
Will blaze anew with a brighter flame—
The flame of a world-wide liberty.
And hurrah and hurrah for the boys in blue
That united we fight, if we needs must war;
In their footsteps we follow as loyal and true,
"United as never before."

May 30, 1918.

OUR STARS*

On our quiet village church,
Fades the light from sunset bars;
Overhead the tranquil night
Spreads her canopy of stars.
In this humble, sacred fane,
With the hands of faith and love,
Here we consecrate our flag
With its stars like those above;

Stars whose living counterparts,
On the rounds of space and time,
For their country's spotless cause
Mount to thought and deed sublime.
Emblem of the staunch and brave,
Of the pure and tried and true,—
Service banner bordered red,
Field of white and stars of blue.

Can it be? Short time ago
Here they played. Yon dusty street
Felt the impress of their hands
And their tanned and dimpled feet.
Now to soldiers grown, they march
With the stars and stripes unfurled,
Heroes, knights of liberty
To a torn and bleeding world.

*Read at dedication of service flag in the M. E. church
at Rogers, Ohio, August 1918.

In the years, long, long ago,
With the freeman's hope and will,
Our forefathers lit the fires
On the crest of Bunker Hill.
And our gallant boys in blue,
In the service that they gave,
Turned the tide at Gettysburg,
Broke the shackles of the slave.

Now our boys in olive drab,
Forest green and navy blue,
Grapple the relentless foe,
Pierce his serried columns through;
And the guerdon that they bear,
Grievous wounds of earth to bind,
Is a triumph that shall bring
Liberty to all mankind.

Glorious day, when war shall end
And the cannon's roar shall cease;
When the squadrons leave the sky
One vast panoply of peace.
Fears and tears will change to cheers,
In this humble village fane,
When the right and God prevail
And our stars come back again.

August, 1918.

"ARISE, YE DEAD" *

"Arise, for home arise."

Thus spake a valiant son of France,
And led, defying death and chance,
But failed to stay the foe's advance.

"Arise, for home arise."

"Arise, for France arise."

And at the thought of native land
Each soldier smote with desperate hand,
But scarcely brought the foe to stand.

"Arise, for France arise."

"Arise, for God arise."

Thus spake a soldier priest. Each gun
Blazed from the ramparts of Verdun;
The field was swept—it was not won.

"Arise, for God arise."

"Arise, ye dead, arise."

Thus spake a poilu, and the cry
From rank to rank was raised so high
It shook the earth and rent the sky.

"Arise, ye dead, arise."

*These lines were suggested by an incident reported by Walter Duranty, the well-known correspondent, as follows:

"It is said that in the most desperate hour at Verdun a wounded Frenchman called madly: 'Arise, ye dead!' His appeal galvanized into supreme resistance his wounded and shattered comrades. Later the message spread through the French army, and the German advance was stayed at the moment when it seemed victorious."

The mighty dead arose;
Back reeled invading armies vast,
For martyr spirits of the past
Rode on the withering battle blast—
The mighty dead arose!

The dead, invulnerable,
Above the cannon's wild uproar
Fought as they never fought before
And turned the gory tide of war,
The dead, invincible!

THROUGH LONDON TOWN
DEDICATED TO THE TWELFTH REGIMENT
OF RAILWAY ENGINEERS *

A captive city silent stood
Beside the river shore,
While through her streets in splendor passed
William the Conqueror.
His knights with sword and shield and spear
On armored steeds rode down;
They proudly bore their burnished mail
And marched through London Town.

The centuries moved slowly by,
With years of war and peace;
They saw the world's metropolis
In power and fame increase.
And never echoed through her streets
The tread of foeman's heel,
Nor flashed from out her misty light
The glint of foreign steel;

Until there burst a fateful storm
With lightnings red and dire,
When Attila resurgent came
And set the world on fire.

*The Twelfth led the march of the first American troops through London August 15, 1917. A most interesting account of this historic event appeared in The Century for December 1917. These were the first foreign armed troops that had marched through the city since the invasion of William the Conqueror, in 1066, 851 years before.

The city poured her legions forth,
The tide of wrath to turn;
She saw her brave defenders go,
Their shattered ranks return.

A shadow on the city fell,
With pain and grief oppressed;
And weary eyes sought wistfully
A sign from out the West;
When lo! a thrilling murmur ran,—
“They come, the men of might,
To join our ranks, to smite the foe
And set the world aright.”

A foreign flag and foreign arms
And soldiers lithe and brown
Through open gates and open hearts
Marched into London Town;
While from the tower above the bridge
That spans the river's tide,
The union jack and stars and stripes
Were floating side by side.

A mighty multitude acclaimed
And shook the walls with cheers;
And some their greetings shouted forth
And some were touched to tears.
Uncovered stood the men of state
Who hold a nation's helm,
While to the passing pageant bowed
The ruler of the realm.

And in those soldier ranks were lads
Of many racial strains;
The Saxon, Norse and Celt were there,
Blent in their Yankee veins.
And some had ancestors who balked
A British monarch's will
With fiery speech at Faneuil Hall
Or fought at Bunker Hill.

Forgotten was the ancient feud,
The strife of vanished years;
They viewed the nation's gratitude
With joy akin to tears;
And this their silent message was:
"Faint not, though foes assail;
Our brothers o'er the sea arise;
They come; they will not fail.

"They know your cause and quarrel just,
They heed your fervent prayers;
The millions of America
Have made your battle theirs.
They vow the tyrant's rule shall bind
The states of earth no more,
That Kaiser William shall not be
William the conqueror."

Though this historic march is past,
The heralds still advance
And pitch their camps on many a field
Of desolated France.

On evenings round their frugal fires
Their varied tales they tell,
Of voyage fair and weary march
And trench and bursting shell;

Of terraced slopes and wooded hills
And plains where poppies grow,
Of rivers rushing from their steeps
Or winding calm and slow;
Of ruined towns, cathedrals wrecked,
And cities doomed to fall;
And oft they modestly rehearse
This story dear to all:

"How glad we were for one brief day
To let brave England know
The Yankee lads were on the way
To help her crush the foe;
Though ours may be a humble part,
While others win renown,
Of freedom's host we led the van
And marched through London Town."

1918.

AUTUMN LEAVES

The genial sunlight melts on the hills
The breath of the morning white and cold;
By the wayside bend sprays of aster bloom
And the forest turns to russet and gold.
A cheery whistle the silence breaks—
The silence deep of the autumn morn—
There's a rustle of fodder—a song afield—
There are glowing heaps of the yellow corn.

On the wooded slopes the tulip trees
Have raised their banners of amber light,
While leaves flit out from the arching elms
Like goldfinch coveys in downward flight.
The sugar maple in orange arrayed
With the aspen blends in a milder hue,
And a golden glory pervades the earth
To the hills that fade into opal and blue.

And I say, as I look to the skies above
And the yellow wealth of the year's increase,
"A goodly land and a goodly time—
The fruitful days of a golden peace."
When lo! at my feet the gum tree throws
A leaf like the reeking point of a lance,
And the sumac burns on the hill blood-red
Like the poppy bloom in the fields of France!

October, 1918.

WELCOME TO OUR ACE OF ACES*

Our squadrons no more
Sail into the fight,
And our eagles of war
Turn homeward their flight.
They have won in the sky
New laurels of glory;
Their triumphs on high
Will live ever in story.
With the joy of our hearts
Aglow in our faces,
We are welcoming home
Our own ace of aces.

When the sky raiding foe,
Through the rack and the gloom,
Shook the cities below
With the missiles of doom,
Up our fleet eagle wheeled
And the raiding plane shattered,—
On a shell pitted field
Its fragments were scattered.
With the pride of our souls
Aglow in our faces,
We are welcoming home
Our own ace of aces.

*Captain Edward V. Rickenbacker, of Columbus, Ohio.

Hurrah for our ace,
He has won for our town
A name and a place
By his deeds of renown.
Hurrah for the eye
And the nerve ever steady
And his triumphs on high—
Three cheers for our Eddie.
With the love of our hearts
Aglow in our faces,
We are welcoming home
Our own ace of aces.

WELCOME TO TWELFTH REGIMENT OF ENGINEERS

When the Republic took the gage
Of war to save the world aflame,
Swift as the flash that called to arms
Your eager answer came.

Your camp, moored at the Chain of Rocks*
On yon historic river's shore,
You left ere summer waned and soon
Were ocean-bound for war.

So far you sped your words came back
Like echoes from enchanted land,
And you in knightly quest had grown
To something new and grand.

We heard the news from far Cambrai,
Where guns were grasped as shovels fell,
From Picardy, where your thin line
Held through the battle hell.

First honors for the soldier sons
Who fell where Fame her signet sets,
And cheers for you who bore the flag
From London Town to Metz.

To you our hearts, and through the years
A nation's gratitude and love,
While Liberty holds high her torch
And heaven bends above.

*Chain of Rocks. The point on the bank of the Mississippi River at which the houseboats were moored in which the Twelfth lived while in training at Camp Gaillard.

CONVERTED

I

He railed at war in the club, on the street;
In his home, at his work all day;
In the church where at peace the brethren meet
And for peace the deacons pray.

The waste of it all and the wrong of it all
He saw, and the woe in its wake;
The embattled hosts that were doomed to fall
And the hearts that must bleed and break.

And those who were forging the bolts of death
Were the vilest of venal men;
The "militarists" in his blazing breath
Were blistered again and again.

Then he called aloud for the end of war
And the pagan sway of Mars,
For a peace that should compass the earth once
more
And last as the fadeless stars.

With a conscience clear he banished doubt
As the sunlight a floating mist,
While jingoes he crushed with the sweeping shout,—
"I am proud I'm a pacifist."

II

Came the stressful days on their leaden feet,
With their portent grim and vast,
And the khaki-clad boys were in the street
On their way to the front at last.

The serious crowds surged into the halls
To hear of the great World War,
And their plaudits echoed from throbbing walls
At the flights of the orator.

And the man of peace with the patriots came
To cheer at the head of the list,
And the hand that was raised at the Kaiser's name
Was the fist of the pacifist.

The cause of the wondrous change that I tell
Is not in the distance far,
For the light that shone from his coat lapel
Was the light of a service star.

MORNING GLORIES

From the shadows of night they called for the dawn
In notes that were subtle and clear,
In a strain of music too exquisite
For the range of mortal ear.
From their leafy columns and battlements
That were moist with the morning dew,
A call for light and a reveille
From the bells of their bugles they blew.

And lo! up the east in the blush of the rose
Came the tremulous light of the morn,
And earth awoke in the fullness of joy
To welcome the day new-born.
In color arrayed on trellis and wall
The heralds stepped into view
And bravely their passionate greetings poured
From their bugles of pink, white and blue.

When up the sky to the throne of light
They had played the god of day,
Like spirits elate with a work well done
They folded their bugles away.—
Up the quiet valley one autumn night
Came the hoar mist grim and slow,
And stilled were the minstrels; their music no more
From the bells of their bugles they blow.

1918.

FRAGRANCE OF APPLE BLOOM

There is balm in the breath from groves of pine
And joy is wafted from meadows green;
There is life on the hills of the fruitful vine
And bright are the waters between;
And tropic sweetness pervades the air
Where the proud palm waves its plume;
But there's naught so fragrant and naught so fair
As the orchard of apple bloom.

Chorus:

Beautiful vestments of tinted light,
Wrought in a fairy's loom;
Buds of pink and flowers of white,
Fragrance of apple bloom.

The skies were blue when she met me there,
Sweet Maud, with cheek like the buds aglow;
And bliss supernal was everywhere
As she answered, "I love you so."
The skies were deep and the stars were bright,
And the shadows knew no gloom,
As we drank the joy of the moonlit night
In the fragrance of apple bloom.

In ranks of white stand the orchard trees,
And petal flecked is the green below;

There's a chorus of birds and a hum of bees
And the twilight of long ago.
And the evening star is fair to see
Where the hills in the distance loom,
For a sainted spirit comes back to me
With the fragrance of apple bloom.

Arbor Day Manual
of Ohio, 1908.

PREPARE FOR THE HARVEST

When the sun beyond the forest
Rises in a cloudless sky,
And the quiet hills are listening
To the streams that babble by;
When the joyous birds are singing
Hymns of gladness to the spring,—
Oh, forget not that 'tis morning
And that time is on the wing.

Chorus:

Then prepare for the harvest,
For the springtime will not stay,
Sow the seed for the harvest
Ere the flowers fade away.

Clover blossoms tint the meadows,
Lilies nod beside the stream
Where the willow waves its tresses
And the crystal waters gleam;
There is fragrance from the hawthorne
On each breeze that passes by—
But the hours are moving onward
And the tender flowers will die.

Though the future seem as peaceful
As the tranquil skies of June,

Clouds will cross the dim horizon—
Youth is but a transient boon,
And the sequel of its triumphs
Coming years alone can tell—
In the distance duty beckons;
We must bid the past farewell.

In this life of cloud and sunshine,
While the morning hours remain,
Seeds upon the boundless future
May be sown for joy or pain.
There are treasurers for the faithful
Who will labor while they may,—
They shall harvest with the reapers
When the spring has passed away.

May, 1880.

TO A ROBIN

When the morn of the young year is breaking,
And bleak winter winds die away,
When the woodland and meadow are waking
In the warmth of the lengthening day,
From the fruit trees that bud round our
dwelling,
From the maple that stands near the door,
Thy song to the still waste is telling
That snow storms of winter are o'er.

When Spring decks her green robe with flowers
And fragrance is wafted around,
When breezes are freeing white showers
Of blossoms that float to the ground,
With the aid of thy mate thou art weaving
A framework of reeds for thy nest,
And, whether returning or leaving,
A murmur of joy swells thy breast.

When May wears her garland of roses
And all the glad songsters are here,
When beauty, perfected, reposes
And the heralds of Summer appear,
Though others in music are leading,
Still I look from my doorway for thee,
And notice thee tenderly feeding
Thy young in the old apple tree.

When harvest is slowly departing
And Summer has finished her crown,
When the bright August sunlight is darting
Hot beams on the meadows of brown,
Thou are gone where the shadows are gliding
From branches that mingle above,
And there, with companions abiding,
Art dreaming of springtime and love.

When weary of toil or of sorrow
Or faint from the midsummer heat,
When oppressed with the thought of the morrow,
I stray to thy forest retreat.
In the coolness I rest, and I ponder
As the world and its cares fade away;
In the freedom of slumber I wander
In dream of a happier day.

August, 1879.

"LIFE-EVERLASTING"

"Upon these fields of cool October greenness there rises out of the earth a low, sturdy weed. Upon the top of this weed small white blossoms open as still as stars of frost. Upon these blossoms lies a fragrance so pure and wholesome that the searching sense is never cloyed, never satisfied. Years after the blossoms are dried and yellow and the leaves are withered and gone, this wholesome fragrance lasts. The common people, who often put their hopes into their names, call it life-everlasting. Sometimes they make themselves pillows of it for its virtue of bringing a quiet sleep."

—James Lane Allen, in "Aftermath."

The sumac is waving its crimson plume
And autumn flowers gem the velvet sod;
The thickets are purple with aster bloom
And the wayside yellow with goldenrod.

The vagrant wind on a matting of grass
A rustic carpet of color weaves,
From the crimson and gold of the sassafras
And the yellow and pink of the maple leaves.

The sunflower nods by the rippling rill
And the ironweed blooms in the dewy dell,
While nods on the slope of the lonely hill
The life-everlasting, the immortelle.

Nor ghost of the rose, nor the lily's wraith
Is seen in the haunts that knew them well,
But seed of promise and flower of faith,
The life-everlasting, the immortelle.

AUTUMN AFTERNOON

In the hazy, lazy autumn afternoon,

When a dreamy languor wraps the vale and hill
And the silver brooklet half forgets its tune

As it twinkles down the hollow calm and still;
When arrayed in gypsy dress of pink and gold,

Crest of crimson tint and folds of fading green,
Stand the woods in tranquil beauty as of old,

Stretching into vistas dim and opaline;
When the Year is ripe and mellow it is meet
Earth should echo, "Peace is blessed; rest is sweet."

In the hazy, lazy autumn afternoon,

Stretch in open order weathered shocks of corn,
And the pumpkins, yellow as the harvest moon,

Rise among the vines and stubble frayed and
worn:

In the genial sunshine yawns the timid quail,

Where the gorgeous clumps of sassafrases glow;
Drowsily the chipmunk chirps from out a rail;

From the distant forest faintly calls the crow.
When the Year from fruitful labor turns to rest,
Balm and bliss are wafted down the vaulted west.

In the hazy, lazy autumn afternoon,

Whiffs of dulcet odor from the orchard trees
Tell of bursting sweets that yield a liquid boon

For the yellow jackets and the honey bees:
Now the plodding plowboy and the laughing lass

Well may linger here to sip and feast with these,
As they gather apples scattered in the grass,
Better than the fruitage of Hesperides.
From the hillside comes at times a muffled sound,
As the nut trees drop their tribute to the ground.

In the hazy, lazy autumn afternoon,
Founts of warmth and comfort in my being flow,
And I little reck that winter will come soon,
Swathing wood and meadow in a shroud of snow.
Some would choose for heaven summertime eterne,
Fragrant with the rose along celestial ways;
This might make me happy, but I still would yearn
For the pensive, quiet Indian summer days:
For I get a message, never brought by June,
In the hazy, lazy autumn afternoon.

ECHO VALE

Our words and actions never fail
A sure return as joys or ills;
This world is all an echo vale
Between the mute, eternal hills.

Our life we make a field or fen,
We fill our days with bliss or bale;
What we give forth comes back again,
This world is all an echo vale.

THE VIOLET

The violet, begemmed with dew
And bluer than the sky is blue,
 In early spring along Elk Run
 Still blossoms in the morning sun
And peeps the reeds and grasses through.

The bluebirds fly as erst they flew,
To kindred flower and color true,
 And greet, as they for years have done,
 The violet.

The orchards on the slopes renew
Their vernal bloom and gently strew
 Their petals downward one by one;
 The birds their matins have begun;
And all the valley wakes to view
 The violet.

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